MY LITTLE WIFE.

She isn't very pretty
(So say my lady friends);
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run;
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing;
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style,

To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet,
I would not change one feature—
One curve from crown to feet.

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.

PETTIBONE'S COURTSHIP.

I was first smitten with Jane at a concert. She was a tidy, black-eyed young woman in pink ribbons. I thought I had never beheld such a vision of purely mundane loveliness. Perhaps I never had—I was young then. Attending her was a tall, lank youth with a freckled skin and red hair, against whom I conceived at once an invincible prejudice. I did not know the young man. Worse still, I did not know Jane, and worst of all, he did. I naturally hated him profoundly for this advantage.

It will be unnecessary to relate the violent means I took to scrape an acquaintance, how I surreptitiously followed the pink ribbons home and stealthily read the name "Porter" on the door-plate; how I haunted the street in my Sunday-clothes till I made myself an object of suspicion to the police; how I discovered that her father was a dentist, and that she had a formidable step-mother; how I found out the church she attended, and hired a seat behind her; how I sent her valentines, left anonymous bouquets on the door-step, and all, alas! to no purpose. It is needless to describe my bitter but futile chagrin all this time at seeing the red-headed youth frequent the house on the most familiar terms; nothing, certainly, but my native firmness of principle saved him from assassination.

Driven at length to desperate straits, I resorted to a desperate expedient. I went to consult her father professionally. I entered his office with guilty misgivings. I trembled lest he should divine my real purpose. He was a thin little man with a weak voice and a hacking cough. None the less I regarded him with profound reverence. Nay, I invested him with an air of distinction; was not he the father of Jane? Indeed, I esteemed it an undeserved honor to be allowed to remain in his presence, so long had I yearned to know somebody who belonged to her, my heart's idol. I may say, briefly, in passing, that I presently recovered from that yearning. But to return to the point, let me premise that I had fine teeth. I had never felt a twinge of toothache in my life, but nevertheless, that cold, hard, remorseless little—but no; I will not stigmatize him now. Poor wretch, his path was not of roses, and he has long since gone the way of all the living. Suffice it to say he examined my teeth; he punched and prodded with various tools; he filed to find a nerve; he failed to make me wince. I think he was very much disappointed; nevertheless he preserved an ominous silence. I consulted his face; he wore an inscrutable but determined expression. I asked him feebly if he found anything requiring attention. He uttered a vague and inarticulate exclamation and proceeded to set forth a tray of diabolical-looking instruments; wrenches, gouges, vises, hooks, files, pinchers and scrapers, together with much cotton wool and cold water, as though he expected a hemorrhage. My heart began to beat like a trip-hammer and my stomach felt as though it were sinking into a bottomless pit. I affected to laugh, while a clammy perspiration bedewed my forehead.

"Ha! ha!" I cried hoarsely. "Why, doctor, you look as though you—you were preparing for a campaign."

The doctor with a grim taciturnity went on with his preparations, during which every shred of courage oozed from my craven heart.

"Do—do you find that there is much to be done?" I asked at length, huskily.

"We shall see better, presently," he returned coldly, as he examined the point of a fiendish-looking instrument and waited for me to resume a recumbent position. I lay back submissively, and he began to file away on a magnificent molar.

I maintained my self-control by constantly repeating: "It is Jane's father, and, after all, what signifies one tooth?"

During a pause in his proceedings, while he stopped to rest his arms, I took advantage of the opportunity to make a slight advance.

"Dr. Porter," I began, "you are—ahem—haven't I seen you at the Rev. Dr. Longtext's church?"

"Quite likely."

"Very fine preacher, Mr. Longtext?"

"I don't agree with you."

"Ah, indeed, that is—I meant to say it is pleasant to go there on account of the music."

"The choir is abominable."

This was not encouraging. I subsequently learned that, having for many years been dragged to this church by his strong-minded wife, Dr. Porter held everything connected with it in detestation.

After this rebuff I lay back again in the operating-chair, seeing no other alternative. This time he began on the upper jaw.

"What, another? Excuse me," I cried, struggling into a sitting posture. "Pray excuse me, but—er—do you think—is there anything—what can be the matter with that tooth?"

The implacable little doctor looked coldly out of the window and made no reply.

"I think," I continued, weakly, "I think that perhaps I won't have anything more done at this time."

"As you please," returned the doctor, with an air of displeasure.

"Why, of course," I added nervously, "I shall do whatever you say, but I—er—do you think there is any pressing hurry?"

"Ahem; you must take the responsibility of waiting, sir!" replied the doctor with an air that need not be described.

"Go on!" I said with a groan, as I lay back on the rack.

Lying thus supinely, while he with main strength honeycombed another splendid grinder, I bethought me of a new tack, and so, taking advantage of the next breathing spell, I began: "Doctor—er—have you—er—a daugh—that is—I have noticed a young lady in your pew, and I—I thought perhaps she might be a relative of yours?"

"Yes!" replied my tormentor, with a rising inflection, as he got out more cotton wool.

"I was thinking—er—of getting up a—er—a little picnic; it is so desirable to promote sociability among the young people of the church—I should like to invite her if—that is——"

I hesitated and blushed. The doctor sharpened his instrument and coughed dryly.

"My daughter knows too many young people, already. I—that is—her mother does not approve of so much gadding."

"Of course we should need a matron, and I should be glad—er—highly honored if Mrs. Porter would join us," I faltered with shameless hypocrisy.

"Thank you; I will inform them of the invitation," said the doctor, coldly, as he prepared to go to work.

I submitted myself to two or three hours more of rasping and gouging, cheered at the thought of my masterly stratagem.

I went home that night with a sense of nervous exhaustion, and my head feeling like a barrel; but, firm in my purpose, the next day I repaired early to the doctor's office, supported against prospective torture by the inspiring vision of success.

The doctor went silently and grimly on with his work, and finished with a second and a third tooth. But yet not a word of the invitation. Just as I was upon the point of sounding him upon this subject he suddenly startled me to my heart's core by saying, coolly:

"Oh, here's a tooth that must come out!"

"Eh, what!" I cried, springing from the chair. "No, no. Stop! stop!"

"Oh, don't be scared; it won't kill you!" said the merciless little man, regarding me with a contemptuous smile.

"I—I won't have it out. You want to hack me to pieces! You want to make a ruin of me!" I cried, indignantly.

The doctor sneered, and said, quietly, but with an air of exasperating significance, as he turned away: "You needn't get so excited, young man! You needn't have it done unless you choose."

"What do you mean?" I asked, nervously. "What's the matter? Is the tooth decayed?"

"No; but it soon will be!"

"And then?"

"It will ulcerate, and you will probably lose a piece of your jawbone."

Scared beyond expression at this alternative, I hesitated. The doctor saw his advantage and pursued it.

"It will only be for a moment," he said, picking up his forceps, and concealing them behind him as he advanced.

"No, no," I cried, with my knees knocking together; "that is—yes—or rather if it must be done; but—give me chloroform—I might—I'm subject to fainting fits—do you think 'twill have much of a root?"

Then, in the midst of my terror, recollecting what all this sacrifice was for, I cried feebly as the wretch fastened his horrid forceps on my beautiful tooth:

"About the invitation—what—what!"

"Ah," said the doctor, gathering all his little strength for the coming wrench, "Mrs. Porter is much obliged to you; she accepts the invitation with pleasure."

I seized the arms of my chair. Nerved by the sweet thought of success, I sustained the ordeal like a hero.

"But," continued the doctor, coolly, as I rose from the chair with a bound, and regarded him with an air of triumph and relief, "my daughter regrets that she will be unable to do so on account of another engagement!"

Defeated, humiliated, incensed, I rushed from the office of the perfidious little dentist. I cursed the stepmother; I vowed I wouldn't have her. I found means to give up the picnic. I even tried to give up Jane, but all in vain. And so for three long, dreary months I racked my brain to devise some new scheme to further my purpose. At length Fate came to my aid. One Sunday afternoon I came out upon the church steps to find Jane there, looking heavenly in a new spring bonnet, and rain falling heavily. She gazed about in dismay as the people, one by one, departed, and the sexton began shutting the doors. It was then that, summoning up all my resolution, I advanced, with my heart in my mouth, and said:

"Miss Porter, I believe?"

"Yes," she replied, regarding me suspiciously.

"If you will allow me—offer you—share of—umbrella," I gasped out.

"You are very kind—I don't know—I expected my brother, but—"

Meanwhile I had been opening my umbrella, and now stepped alongside and offered my arm. With a coy and guarded air she took it. As she placed her small, mitted hand in the crook of my elbow, I felt a titillation that tingled all through me to the very ends of my toes. When we arrived at her house it rained so very hard that Jane had no alternative but to ask me in. I needed no second bidding. On entering the parlor, we found Mrs. Porter, a large and imposing woman with manly air, enthroned in an easy chair.

"This," said Jane, presenting me, "is Mr. Pettibone; he has been kind enough to bring me home."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Porter, giving me a searching look, and adding in a condescending tone, "he is very good; pray, sir-r, be seated!"

She pronounced the short ceremonial title with such a ponderous roll of the r that it seemed a rather awful appellation, and I sat down with a quailed and guilty feeling.

"I wasn't aware," she went on, "that you were acquainted with my daughter."

"I—I wasn't, but I—it rained so very hard—"

"I couldn't stay there all night, and nobody come for me. I am sure it was extremely kind of Mr. Pettibone, and I am very much obliged to him whether he was acquainted with me or not," interposed Jane, sharply, drawing her mother's fire.

"I remarked," returned the latter lady, in a powerful baritone voice, "I remarked, Miss Porter, that the gentleman was very good; but," she added, with great emphasis and significance, "the question as to the propriety of receiving such marked kindness from strangers."

"If I am to be left to the mercy of strangers, I shall accept their kindness, and gratefully, too," retorted Jane, shutting her lips very tight.

"I was about to remark, Miss Porter, if you had given me the opportunity, that your father and brother are both absent, and you can hardly expect that I—"

"Oh, no; no, indeed; I never for a moment indulged in any such fond delusion," interrupted Jane in an ironical tone.

This little episode between Jane and her step-mamma, seemingly so trivial, proved of the utmost importance to me. Driven to undertake my defense by the criticism of her imposing relative, Jane was led perversely to take an interest in me which I might otherwise have vainly striven to awaken, and I was rewarded on leaving with a cordial invitation to call.

I was not slow in availing myself of the privilege, but the first time I went, and while I was sitting in the parlor, with my heart all in a flutter, waiting Jane to come down, the door opened, and who should walk in but the red-headed youth. Here was a situation. He coolly stared at me. I fiercely glared at him. He took no notice of this, but threw himself familiarly into a chair and crossed his legs, as though he had come for the evening. This was more than I could stand.

"Sir," I said, inflamed with wrath and jealousy, "there is one too many of us here. I came on invitation; if you are going to stay, I will leave."

"Eh! Who the devil are you?" he exclaimed, with impudent *sang froid*.

"I—I! No matter who I am, sir. We two cannot stay in this house together, that's all!" I cried, starting from my seat in a transport.

At this minute Jane came in. She shook hands cordially, smiled, and then, turning toward the red headed youth, said, "This is my brother, Mr. Pettibone!"

Mrs. Porter looked upon me from the first with a disapproval which rapidly ripened to aversion. As for me, I may as well be candid and say at once that I was afraid of her. And with a good cause; she was a woman born to rule. She held the little doctor and his auburn son completely under her thumb. Jane was the only member of the family who dared withstand her. It was, perhaps, the consciousness of my shrinking dread of her step-mother that made Jane more than usually gracious, and rendered my progress swift to a degree that proved to my conservative temperament somewhat bewildering. As my ardor cooled before the prospect of a daily encounter with this family Gorgon, Jane became, in turn, more tender and encouraging. Indeed, in after years, when Mrs. Pettibone and I—at rare, very rare, intervals—have indulged in little mutual, mutual—let us say explanations—I have sometimes timidly hinted in self-defense that she did the lion's share of the wooing; for which I have been instantly and perhaps deservedly silenced by the unpalatable avowal that she "had only married me to spite her step-mother."

What good ground there was for these mutual accusations may be best gathered from a little conversation that took place between Jane and me one evening on the door-step, a conversation which, I may say, sealed my fate.

It was a bright moonlight evening. We were sitting in the shadow of the porch. I was absently holding Jane's hand.

"Mr. Pettibone," she said, suddenly, "how long have we known each other?"

"About three months, I believe."

"It seems ever so long, doesn't it?"

"Well, ye-es; it does."

"It's because we've seen so much of each other."

"I dare say."

"You've been here a great deal, haven't you?"

"Have I?"

I dropped Jane's hand with a discomfited feeling. She let it rest on my arm, and edged a little nearer.

"Why, yes; I never had a gentleman call so often—that is, not lately."

"I—I'm sorry," I faltered.

"I's'pose it must look rather particular."

"Eh! Why so?" I inquired, with a vague feeling of alarm.

"Why, it might—that is, folks might say that you—you almost must mean something!"

Jane's hand was again lying in mine, though I didn't put it there.

"Mean—mean something?" I echoed.

"Yes."

Jane's head was now leaning on my shoulder. I don't know how it happened. I only know I had not stirred.

"But I—I assure you I don't," I stammered, very much embarrassed.

"What's that?" cried Jane, sharply, sitting bolt upright and withdrawing her hand violently.

"That is, I should say—of course, I do."

There was now a long silence, during which Jane's head gradually sank to its former position.

"You say, you—you do, Mr. Pettibone?"

"Do—I beg pardon—do what—that is, Miss Porter?"

"Do—mean—something," whispered Jane, encouragingly, from my shoulder.

Suddenly, as by an electric thrill, I found my tongue. The vision of the step-mother vanished. It all came out. I talked away wildly and incoherently. I have often and often since wondered at my own rashness, but the end of it all was I found myself holding Jane very tightly about the waist, while her head reposed confidingly upon my bosom.

NO LINE in England carries the number of passengers, or carries them so cheaply and pays so large a dividend, as the underground railroad of London. The passengers numbered 110,000,000. Several of the underground and overground railways carry workmen twelve miles a day for 2 cents, thus enabling them to enjoy cheap houses and country air.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

Report of Chief Hazen.

The report of Gen. W. B. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, contains many matters of interest, among which the following may be noticed: "I have endeavored," he says, "to bring this service into active sympathy and co-operation with the ablest scientific intellects of the country. In this direction and in response to my request, the National Academy of Sciences has appointed an advisory committee of consulting specialists with which I may confer as occasion demands. I take pleasure in acknowledging this courtesy as showing the establishment of more intimate relations between the scientific interests of the United States and the Signal Service.

"This year has been distinguished by additional progress and by decided improvement, which I will briefly recite: The establishment, under your sanction, of a permanent school of instruction at Fort Myer, Va.; the raising of the standard of the personnel of the Signal Corps; the systemization of the duties of the signal service; the preparation of new instructions for observers of the service; the preparation of new and improved forms for the recording and preservation of meteorological data; the preparation of special bulletins for the press, containing weather information of public interest; the forecasts of weather, of hot or cold waves for periods exceeding twenty-four hours; the forecasts of "northers" for the interior plateau; the adoption of a new storm-signal (the cautionary Northwest) for the interior lakes; the arrangement for the increase of river service, and wider publications of warnings of floods or ice-gorges; the changes and improvements in the publication of the international bulletin and the monthly weather review, with their accompanying charts; the increased information added to the farmers' and to the railway bulletins; the organization of a service for the special benefit of the cotton interests of the South; the extension of special frost-warning to the fruit interests of the country; the investigation into thermometric standards and into barometric standards; the preparation of new hygrometric tables containing correction for altitude; the revised determinations of the altitudes of signal-service stations; the computation of monthly constants for the reduction of observed barometric pressures to sea level; the arrangements for original investigation in atmospheric electricity, in anemometry and in actinometry, and in the last subject, especially with reference to the importance of solar radiation in agriculture and the absorption of the sun's heat by the atmosphere; the co-operation in an expedition to the summit of Mount Whitney, Cal., for the determination of problems in solar physics; in metrology, the preparation of conversion tables for the English and metric systems; the co-operation in the dropping of time-balls at signal-service stations; the publication in quarto form of special professional papers; the offering of prizes for essays of great merit on meteorological subjects; the organization of State weather services; the new investigation of danger lines on Western rivers; the organization and equipment of two expeditions for meteorological observation and research in the Arctic regions of America, one to be stationed at Lady Franklin bay, the other at Point Barrow, Alaska, both co-operating in this work with a system of stations established in the Polar region by international conference; the establishment of a system of stations of observation in Alaska.

"A series of experiments has been made with sun-flashes, with a view of improving upon the forms of heliograph to be adopted for the general uses of the army, and it is believed that the improved heliograph selected combines great simplicity with efficiency, and possesses many practical advantages, so far as known, over similar instruments in other services.

"During the past year stations of observation on the habits and ravages of the Rocky Mountain locusts or grasshoppers were established in those sections that the experience of past years has shown to be most exposed to the ravages of these pests. These stations were at Omaha, Grand Island, North Platte and Sidney, Neb.; Cheyenne, W. T.; Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Col.; Fort Sill, I. T.; Fort Elliott and all other stations on the United States military telegraph lines in Northern, Central and Southern Texas, and those on the northwestern military telegraph line in Dakota and Montana. Where civilians were employed in making the observations their services were voluntary and without compensation, the Government bearing the necessary expenses for stationery and telegraphing.

"It is gratifying to state that not a single report of the ravages of locusts has reached this office, and their presence has been announced only at Grand Island, Neb., Fort Supply, I. T., and Fort Elliott, Tex.; but in no instance has any danger been reported.

"This year, for the first time, the Chief Signal Officer has caused to be prepared and issued, twice daily, special bulletins for the press containing meteorological information of popular interest to a greater extent than can appear, for want of space, in the official synopses and indications. They treat especially of high winds, severe storms, tornadoes, heavy rainfalls, floods, extreme temperatures, sudden and great changes in temperature, frosts, temperatures specially reported from health resorts during the season when frequented, and, when the conditions sufficiently warrant, fair or rainy weather, as the case may be, predicted for two days in advance. There are also forecasted the movements of the so-called 'warm waves' and 'cold waves.'

"In addition, the Chief Signal Officer causes to be regularly made, daily, each morning, by all officers who are liable for detail in the Indications Division, forecasts or deductions of the weather conditions for the day succeeding that on which the forecasts are made. If the result of these studies is sufficiently successful, indications will, in time, be issued for all districts for periods of more than one day.

"The river reports, giving the average depth of water and notices of the dangerous rises in the different great rivers of the interior, for the benefit of the river commerce and the populations in the river valleys, have been regularly made, telegraphed, bulletined in frames, and also published by the press at the different river ports and cities.

"The manner in which these reports are prepared and used, and the mode by which a 'danger-line' has been determined, with water below which there is considered to be no danger, while every rise above it is dangerous, have been sufficiently explained in preceding reports.

"The information published in reference to this danger-line, in connection with the daily reports of this office, has, on the occurrence of river floods, enabled those interested to judge of the probable limits of the rises of water to be expected at the different places on the river banks and of the dangers to be anticipated. This knowledge has made possible necessary precautions for safety."

How to Know Your Friend.

A miserly old Earl had fallen heir to an estate worth some thousands of pounds. Being always reputed poor, his relations looked askance at him. Unaware of his altered circumstances, he tried the following ruse to know who were his friends: At the beginning of a hard winter old skinflint applied to his relations individually for a little assistance to tide him over the winter. Only one, a niece, a poor teacher, responded by sending £5 of her hard-earned pittance, with a promise of more when her salary became due. Shortly thereafter the old man sickened and died, and to the astonishment and chagrin of his host of relations he bequeathed to the poor teacher, whose heart was in the right place, his whole estate, amounting in all to £20,000.

The Duty of an Employer.

An employer should always manage to oversee the work which is being performed. A general and intelligent oversight is very different from petty and irritating meddling. The appreciative eye which discovers real merit and rewards it by increasing trust, which discerns unfaithfulness or slackness and visits it with just rebuke, is a potent influence to produce good and true work. Many of the steps in doing work, many of the methods by which it is done, may be judiciously left to the discretion of the agent; but to see to it that the work itself is well done, to show an intelligent and lively interest in it, to tolerate no unfaithfulness, and to show appreciation of all real excellence is the duty and to the interest of every employer.

Death of the Presidents.

George Washington, the first President of the United States, died at his home, Mount Vernon, on the 13th of December, 1799, and was there buried. John Adams, the second, and Thomas Jefferson, the third President, both died on the Fourth of July, 1826. Adams was buried beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy and Jefferson was buried at Monticello, his Virginia home. Madison died June 28, 1836, and was buried at Montpelier, his home on the Virginia mountains. Monroe died on the Fourth of July, 1831, at the residence of his son-in-law in New York, and he was first buried in the Marble Cemetery of that city, but was finally buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. John Quincy Adams died in the Capital, February 21, 1848, and was buried by the side of his father at Quincy. Jackson died June 8, 1845, and was buried at the Hermitage, which had long been his home. Van Buren died July 24, 1862, and was buried at Kinderhook, his home. Harrison died April 4, 1841, and was buried at North Bend. Tyler died January 17, 1862, and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. Polk died June 15, 1849, and was buried in the lawn of his own home in Nashville. Taylor died July 9, 1850, and was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville. Fillmore died March 8, 1874, and was buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery, near Buffalo. Pierce died October 8, 1869, and was buried in Minot Cemetery, Concord. Buchanan died June 1, 1868, and was buried in Woodland Hill Cemetery, Lancaster. Lincoln died April 15, 1865, and was buried in Oakridge Cemetery, Springfield. Johnson died July 31, 1875, and was buried at Greenville. Garfield died September 19, 1881, and was buried in Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland. Four Presdents died in office—Harrison and Taylor by illness and Lincoln and Garfield by assassination. Only two ex-Presidents are now living—Grant and Hayes, and three Vice Presidents are yet living—Hamlin, Colfax and Wheeler.

How Poor Boys may Become Successful Men.

You want some good advice. It has ruined many a man, but may not harm you, because you will not follow it. Rise early; be abstemious; be frugal; attend to your own business and never trust it to another; be not afraid to work, and diligently, too, with your own hands; treat every one with civility and respect; good manners insure success; accomplish what you undertake; decide; then persevere; diligence and industry overcome all difficulties; never be mean—rather give than take the odd shilling; never postpone till to-morrow what can be done to-day; never anticipate wealth from any source but labor; honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy; commence at the first round and keep climbing; make your word as good as your bond; seek knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute, honesty to govern all; never trade beyond your stock; never give too large credit; time is money; make few promises; keep your secrets; live within your income; sobriety above all things; luck is a word that does not apply to a successful man; not too much caution—slow but sure is the thing; the highest monuments are built piece by piece; step by step we mount the pyramids; be bold—be resolute when the clouds gather, difficulties are surmounted by opposition; self-confidence, self-reliance is your capital; your conscience the best monitor; never be over-sanguine, but do not underrate your own abilities; don't be discouraged; ninety-nine may say no, the hundredth, yes; take off your coat: roll up your sleeves, don't be afraid of manual labor! America is large enough for all—strike out for the west—the sea-shore cities are too crowded; the best letter of introduction is your own energy: lean on yourself when you walk; keep good company; the Spaniards say, if you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas; keep out of politics unless you are sure to win—you are never sure to win, so look out.

The Curse of Mormonism.

Here is a horrible story told by a correspondent of the Eureka *Leader* of what he saw at Ogden, a railroad town in Utah, where a number of Swedish immigrants were waiting to take the train to Brigham City:

I was looking on with great curiosity, when I discovered a tow-headed, buxom girl weeping bitterly. Two or three old women were scolding at her, and a withered up old Mormon stood with his arm around her. He finally coaxed her off to his wagon, she screaming and crying that she would not marry him, and he never letting go of her until he sat her down upon the wagon-tongue. A girl was following them. I halted her and asked what was the trouble. She said that this girl was pledged to the old man and that he had paid her passage out; and now she did not want to marry him because he already had a wife and seven children. I asked if she would be forced to do so. The girl replied: "Of course she will. They have pledged her to him." Poor thing! the last that I saw of her she was struggling to get away from him, and the withered old fellow was holding on with both arms around her. It is sickening to think of such doings in a civilized land. Dark as that girl's mind was, she had some grains of virtue and some delicate instincts. The despair pictured on her face showed that.

There is a terrible account for our country to settle with that poor girl. England was lately stirred with indignation because girls were found to be inveigled from London to Belgium for immoral purposes; but what was done there a few times is done here a thousand times, and yet our country does not dynamite the evil of polygamy.—*Concord Statesman.*

RECORDS show that in thirteen Septembers in the past thirty-one years no rain fell in San Francisco. The rain in the remaining eighteen Septembers ranged from .02 of an inch to 1.03 inches.